FRONTISPIECE.

See here the JUSTICE *and his* Jovial Crew,
With nought but Wit *and rosy* Mirth *in View*,
Jests *void of Blame and* Wit *without Offence*;
Such as our Lively Pages *here dispense*.

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THE NEW

LONDON JESTER;

OR

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OF

Mirth, and Good-Humour.

CONTAINING

A COMPLETE, RATIONAL, MERRY, DIVERTING, AND HUMOROUS COLLECTION

OF AGREEABLE ENTERTAINMENT

FOR WINTER EVENINGS AND A LEISURE HOUR.

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Good Sayings	Bulls	Anecdotes	Frolics
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LIKEWISE,

EXCELLENT CONUNDRUMS, EPIGRAMS, REBUSSES, EPITAPHS, MERRY POEMS, &c.

AND A CAPITAL LIST OF THE BEST TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS:

TOGETHER WITH

THE COMPLETE ENGLISH SONGSTER;

Being a Choice Collection of the most esteemed Songs sung at Vauxhall, Ranelagh, the London Theatres, and other Assemblies, throughout the Kingdom.

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PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS;

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1795.

[*Price One Shilling and Sixpence.*]

New Fun for the Parlour and Kitchen;

BEING

The ſmarteſt Collection of JESTS *and* REPARTEES *ever yet publiſhed.*

THE late Sir John Fielding being once on the bench, when a moſt incorrigible criminal was brought before him, who had ſeveral times made his appearance at the office, ſaid, " Friend, I am ſorry to ſee you will never leave off theſe tricks." —" How can you ſee that ſaid the fellow, when they ſay you're blind."—" But your roguery replied the juſtice is ſuch, that one may ſee it without eyes." Juſt at this time a deaf man was making a great noiſe which much offending the fellow,—" I wonder, (cries he) your worſhip does not ſpeak to that deaf man to be quiet".—" What ſignifies ſpeaking to him if he is deaf, ſays Sir John?"—" Why, returned the fellow, he may hear without ears ſure, if your worſhip can ſee without eyes."

The ſame worthy magiſtrate overhearing a man diſcourſing with a very mean perſon, whom however he conſtantly called *Sir*, and the converſation being on the impropriety of his M———y's having beſtowed knighthood upon him, ſaid to a friend of his, "That man is now exerciſing more power than the K——g himſelf did in this inſtance, for his M———y only made a *Sir* of a Middleſex juſtice, but this fellow has made a *Sir* of a vagabond."

A prize-fighter of the name of Glaſs, having challenged one Steel to a trial of ſkill at the broad ſword; a gentleman was remarked for betting on the head of the former, though the latter was generally ſuppoſed the ableſt man. He won however, when being aſked whether he had any private reaſons for thus backing his opinion. "Oh! none at all replied he, except that I always thought *Steel* could not CUT *Glaſs*."

Two gentlemen at a coffee-houſe in the laſt reign, talking of certain perſons that had uſed them very ill, were liberal in beſtowing ſome ſevere appellations upon them; among the reſt, ſaying, they knew not ſuch *Brutes* in England. I know a greater, ſaid a perſon ſitting near them: as they were ſenſible he was unacquainted with the ſub-

ject

ject of their discourse, they were a little surprised; however, asking whom he meant, the stranger pulling a play-bill out of his pocket, in which THE PROVOKED WIFE was announced to the public, declared he would bet a hundred pounds, that *Quin* was the greatest *Brute* in the kingdom.

Lord chief justice HYDE, having a man once brought before him, whose name was BULL, and whom he had a mind, after the manner of the times, to brow-beat—"So your name is Bull" said he?—"Yes, my lord."——"Bull! Where are your horns?"——"My lord (replied the prisoner), the *horns* always go with the HYDE."

A native of Ireland who had heard much of Irish blunders, coming to England, was resolved to make his remarks upon the blunders committed in London. Going with one of his countrymen into a genteel public house, they were asked to walk *backwards*; "Arrah! faith, says the Irishman, that's what I'm not used to, but I'll do anything to oblige you;" and so saying, he went in the wrong end foremost. A toast being asked for—"Toast a bit of bread *in* the beer," said the landlord. "Now, in my country, (cried the Hibernian) we toast the bread first and afterwards put it into the beer." After this, they had some punch,

and when they prepared to go, the Iriſhman called to know the reckoning. "Gentlemen, (ſays the landlord) you have two ſhillings to pay." "Arrah, honey, replied the Iriſhman, that may be the amount of the reckoning; but how do you know that we have two ſhillings, or even a *rap* in our pockets? He now ſet down three Engliſh blunders to which he had been witneſs in the ſpace of an hour.

A conſtable having brought a woman charged as a proſtitute, who ſaid ſhe knew him well, before Sir John Fielding, was aſked why he had not alſo ſecured the man who was ſaid to be ſeen in her company? He replied, "becauſe the man was *behind*." "How then came you to take this woman," demanded the magiſtrate?—"Pleaſe your worſhip, replied the conſtable, becauſe I knew her *before*."

Sir John Fielding being once at the Houſe of C———s, when colonel B—é had delivered one of his famous ſpeeches, was aſked whether the colonel did not ſpeak like an angel? Yes, ſaid Sir John; for he talks *as if* THE DEVIL *were in him*.

CHARLES F—X was warned by the ſame magiſtrate at the Bedford coffee-houſe, to take care what he was about with the Jews, in

in the way of borrowing. Mr. F—x asserted that he was on a safe plan.—"Safe for the lender it may be; but (says he as to yourself) I would advise you to *beware of a pistol* BEFORE, *of a mule* BEHIND, *of a cart* SIDEWAYS, *and of a* JEW *every way*."

The same merry magistrate was present, when Mr. F—x coming into a room at JUPP's, a monstrous stink ensued, whereupon some of the gentleman present cried out, that one of the company had b——t his breeches. The scent being traced, Mr. F—x was singled out; he denied the fact, offering to lay a wager, and to submit to be searched upon the occasion. Several trifling bets were offered; "Pshaw, says CHARLES, all this is nothing—I have been affronted by this company, and there are but two ways of deciding a dispute, a wager or a duel; as the *former* of these has been taken up I shall adopt it; but it shall be for something of consequence; I will lay any person here five hundred guineas (observe the terms of the wager), that I have not b——t my breeches." A gentleman who sat next Mr. F—x, immediately took him up; when by agreement submitting to a search, his breeches were found to be in a nasty condition, and all in company were ready to conclude against him; but to their astonish-

ment, this extraordinary genius calling for the waiter, ordered him to fetch a porter, who attended by his command. When he came, "Walk forward, Tom, says he, what did you do for me about half an hour ago?"—"I sh—t in your honour's breeches, replied Tom." Then said Mr. F—x, "I have won the wager, I did not b——t my breeches, but this honest man did me that favour;" and accordingly he swept the money off the board. This was afterwards noticed, and "No sh—t breeches" cried out at the W————r election.

Mr. Foote having observed to Sir John, that Bonnel Thornton had behaved ill to him, added, "but I'll be a *Thorn* in Mr. *Thornton*'s side."—"Will you? said the other, who was present, then Mr. *Foote*, I'll be a *foot* in your backside for your pains."

The same genius being on a tour with Sir John into Berkshire, observed two lines written on a window, importing that Lord Ab———n the famous patriot, had the softest kissing lips in the world. He immediately wrote underneath—"Then his *head and his lips* are as like as two chips."

A young lad being brought before Sir John Fielding, was asked his name? "Dick Ridgeley."

Ridgeley," ſaid the boy—" And how do you live?" " By my wits," replied the other. " That is odd indeed (ſays Sir John), conſidering your appearance." " I'll tell you ſomething more ſtrange, cried the boy, if your worſhip won't be angry,—It is that *two* of us ſhould live upon ſo *ſcanty* a proviſion.

Mr. Thornton lying in bed late in conſequence of his ſitting up to late hours, Sir John once obſerved to him, that ſuch a conduct would ſhorten his days. " Very true (ſaid Bonnel), but as it lengthens my nights, that will be much the ſame thing in the end."

The late lord Cheſterfield of facetious memory, when once in high office being cloſetted with the king, a diſpute aroſe who ſhould be lord lieutenant of a neighbouring country—After a long pauſe,—" To whom ſhall I fill up the order?" ſaid his lordſhip. ——" To the d——l, if you will," replied the paſſionate monarch. " With all my heart (cried Cheſterfield)—but would your majeſty have me call him, as is uſual on theſe occaſions, *Right intirely beloved couſin?*"

The ſame nobleman being at the late duke of Newcaſtle's levee, who frequently

forgot

forgot his morning attendants, took up a Paraphrase on the book of Job, which happened to lie near him. His grace advancing at last, and with his usual coolness, asked the earl what he thought of the book of Job?—"I think, replied Chesterfield, it is proper for all those to study who mean to attend your grace's levee."

Sir John Fielding happened to meet with a poor lame man, whose name was *Russel*; as he found him an intelligent fellow, he had the curiosity to ask him, whether his coat of arms were the same as the duke of Bedford's. "As to my *coat*, *Sir John*, you may see it is not, replied he; my *arms* may be pretty nearly the same, but really my legs are quite different."

The late Stephen lord H—ll—d, before his marriage, being in company with his brother C—— F—, fording a brook, was likely to be carried away by the violence of the current; on which some countrymen offered their assistance. "Oh! let him alone, said Charles, for if he should be lost I am l—d H—ll—d by Jupiter."

A person being once called to appear before Sir John Fielding, whose name was *Unit*; after long inquiry for him, it was impossible to find him. Well then, said *Sir John*,

John, all I can ſay is, that Mr. *Unit* muſt now ſtand for a *Cypher*.

Sir John Fielding being once in company with ſome geniuſes, who affected to make very light of the ſabbath, obſerved, that it was at leaſt a very political inſtitution; "For, ſaid he, three fourths of the people about London are ſupported—by breaking it."

Sir Richard Steele being once aſked to make an extempore pun, replied he would do it, *if a ſubject* was given. "Pleaſe to make one on the king, Sir Richard." O replied the wit, "The king is *no ſubject*."

The ſame gentleman being employed in fitting up his public room in York-Buildings, which he intended for the purpoſe of oratory, deſired one of the workmen (with whom he was much behind-hand in point of payment), to mount the roſtrum and make a ſpeech, that he might obſerve how it could be heard. The man at firſt excuſed himſelf, obſerving that he was no orator and did not know what to ſay. "Oh! ſay any thing," cried Sir Richard. The fellow therefore mounted, and, in an audible voice, ſpoke to the following effect: "*Why here, we have been working for you theſe ſix weeks, and cannot get a penny. Pray, Sir Richard,*

when

when do you intend to pay us?"—" Very well, ſaid Sir Richard, I can hear you quite diſtinctly—You ſpeak very plain, but I don't much admire your ſubject."

A friend of Sir John Fielding's hearing a beggar at his door, requeſting he might have a cup of ſmall beer, went out, and told him he was an impudent fellow; " For, ſays he, *beggars* ſhould not be *chuſers.* I ſay, give this fellow a mug of ſtrong beer, and a ſlice of bread and cheeſe to reliſh it, and if he makes any objections, let me ſee his face no more."

A certain popiſh prieſt was for ever entertaining his audience with the beatitudes, once aſked a lady what ſhe thought of his oratory? " Oh Sir, ſaid ſhe, you ſpeak diſtinctly enough, but I think I could have added another beatitude, " I never omitted one to my knowledge"—Excuſe me, Sir, ſaid ſhe, there is one that I can mention if it won't offend you: it is this—*Bleſſed are they who never heard your ſermons.*"

Dean Swift once ſoliciting the living of St. Andrews for Dr. Secheveral, of lord Bolingbroke, his lordſhip ſaid the doctor was too troubleſome and inſignificant. The dean then aſked permiſſion to tell a ſtory—" A Scotchman on board a ſhip, ſaid he, in an engage-

engagement, being troubled by a louſe biting him in the neck, ſtooped down to catch it—at that inſtant a cannon ball took off the head of the perſon ſtanding next him—On which the Scotchman, thankful for his eſcape, returned the louſe into his collar, bidding him live at free quarters. " How does your lordſhip like the ſtory?"——" Very well, (replied the earl) and the louſe ſhall have the living for his pains."

Harry Howard, of facetious memory, being once carried before a juſtice who was very crooked and ſeemed to be rather prejudiced againſt him, when he was aſked whether he had any thing to ſay for himſelf, replied " Yes! but I am ſure it will be to no purpoſe; for I ſee you *are all of* ONE SIDE."

An Iriſh fellow who had been a witneſs in a cauſe before Sir John Fielding being aſked how he liked that magiſtrate, replied, " Arrah, faith! he's well enough, but he's a long time in conſidering—Now give me juſtice G—, for he'll do juſtice *right or wrong*."

The ſame genius having deſired a friend of his to look out for a lodging, was told he might have one at a reaſonable rate in St. Clement's church-yard. " Arrah! by St. Patrick, ſays he; but is it ſo you banter one? Did

Did you ever know a man like to *live* in a church-yard till after he was *dead*, honey?"

When the late earl of Stair was ambaſſador in Holland, he was invited to an entertainment where the Auſtrian reſident was likewiſe preſent. Toaſts being propoſed, Louis the XIVth's health was drank, under the name of the *riſing ſun*; the Auſtrian toaſted his miſtreſs and her ſtates under the title of the *moon and fixed ſtars*; in which turn there was thought to be a great deal of ſmartneſs. When it came to the Engliſh earl's turn, he toaſted the king of Great Britain under the name of JOSHUA *the ſon of* NUN, *who made the ſun and moon ſtand ſtill.* —Sir John Fielding was accuſtomed to ſay this was one of the moſt poignant jeſts he ever heard, and well calculated to ſuſtain the honour of Great Britain.

A jury having given two thouſand five hundred pound damages againſt a gentleman for criminal converſation with his neighbour's wife; " 'Tis a deviliſh hard thing, ſaid the defendant, to have appraiſers who don't underſtand the *value* of the commodity they are rating."

A lady of eaſy virtue ſtanding by a fat and full-breaſted gentlewoman while her ſtays were lacing on, paſſed ſome jokes upon the

the fullneſs of her ſhape, aſking her if ſhe could not wiſh it to be more ſlender—" O yes, madam, (returned the other) I could wiſh it to be *juſt as ſlender as your reputation.*"

An honeſt cockney (not an Hibernian), being once at a club where a friend of his was chairman, told him " he was ſorry the meeting was ſo thin, as he expected to ſee the room crouded *fuller than it could hold.*" —The blunder being noticed, " Pſhaw, (ſaid he) I only meant, that I expected to ſee *more people here than the place would contain*, upon the occaſion."

A very ordinary female once haranging, according to her uſual cuſtom againſt perſonal charms, obſerving that beauty was but " *ſkin deep.*" " It may be ſo, ſaid a very handſome young gentlewoman near her; but I am really ſurpriſed, madam, that you ſhould pretend to know the *depth* of what you are ſo little acquainted with."

Sir John, then Mr. Fielding, meeting with an old acquaintance of his, whom at firſt he did not know, but who joſtled againſt him as he was led along, aſked from whence he came, " Oh, ſaid the blade, only from the Black Lion, where I have been *ſpinning* out the time with a few friends."—" That

is very likely, ſaid the Juſtice, and it is pretty plain that you are now *reeling* it home."

Sir John uſed frequently to tell the following ſtory.—Mr. Faulkner's Dublin Journal was very remarkable, for a long time, for falſities and blunders—Among the reſt, it having been obſerved one day by the coffee-houſe genius's, that in his paper "Her grace the *duke* of Dorſet had been delivered of a child," Mr. Faulkner promiſed to correct the miſtake; and accordingly in the next day's paper appeared the following curious erratum.—"In the firſt column of our laſt, for *her* grace the *duke*, read *his* grace the *ducheſs* of Dorſet."

An honeſt publican, whoſe heart was better than his head, and who was very fond of drinking with his cuſtomers, when the pot or bowl was out, always inſiſted that he who emptied the *laſt* ſhould begin upon the new one, obſerving that *tops* and *bottoms* ſhould go together. One afternoon, two men genteely dreſt went into the back room, where they called for a tankard of beer, and accordingly the liquor was brought them, as was then the cuſtom, in a ſilver tankard. Having paid their reckoning, they went away, when the landlord going down ſtairs to draw beer for other cuſtomers in the ſame veſſel,

veſſel, found the bottom was taken out. On this, coming up again in a violent paſſion, a plain dreſſed man who had all the while ſat in the tap-room, inquiring into the cauſe of his uneaſineſs, was no ſooner informed of it, than he ſaid he was acquainted with the perſons in queſtion, that he knew them to be ſharpers, and could eaſily trace out their haunts if the landlord would go with him. This was accordingly agreed upon, and after an abſence of near half an hour, this man returned ſeemingly in great agitation, telling the landlady that they had caught the men, who were then before Sir John Fielding; but added, that they could not be committed unleſs the remainder of the tankard were ſent, in order to identify the *bottom* of it—This was readily granted, and he departed; but the huſband returning ſoon after, when his wife congratulated him on his having taken the thieves, declared this was ſo far from being the caſe, that his guide had deceived him and eſcaped through ſome courts, where all purſuit was vain.—Being told of what had ſince paſſed, he again burſt into a violent paſſion, when an old cuſtomer of his, who remembered his uſual ſayings, cried, "Landlord, it ſignifies little for you to be angry, and beſides you know *tops* and *bottoms* ought always to go together."

A certain young gentleman, who had long been more favoured by wit than by fortune, and who had ſometimes been warned by Sir John Fielding againſt his favourite vice of gaming, being one evening reduced to his laſt five guineas, ventured to ſtake this ſum, and by repeated ſucceſſes at laſt won upwards of two thouſand pounds: coming home at a late hour, he appeared extremely ſerious, and called for a bible. —His wife, who had ſat up for him, and was very obedient, found one, with ſome difficulty, and brought it to him, not without fear and trembling, as doubting that he might have taken ſome fatal reſolution.— "Have you met with any misfortune," cried ſhe,—"Give me the bible," ſaid her huſband.—"If you have loſt any ſum at play, it may be repaired," ſays this good wife.— "Give me the bible!" was all his anſwer. As ſoon as the book was delivered into his hands, he fell upon his knees, and took a ſolemn oath never to play at any game again. All this was ſuppoſed to ariſe from his having experienced ſome conſiderable loſs; but his wife was agreeably ſurpriſed when he pulled out money and notes to the amount above-mentioned, ſaying, "My dear, you ſee my night's winnings, and I have ſolemnly ſworn never to touch a die or a card again, as a gameſter as long as I live."

A very

A very great vociferator on American politics having once entertained his auditors, at a coffee-houſe frequented by Sir John, upon the topic of our diſputes with the coloniſts, harangued on their rights to conſtitutional freedom, and had at length ſo tired thoſe that heard him, that they all withdrew conſtitutionally from the place except one, whom the orator held by the button; but turning round to call for a glaſs of capillaire, he found, to his mortification, that this gentleman had alſo eſcaped, leaving the button, which happened to be looſe, in his tormentor's hand. Sir John Fielding being told of this, ſaid, "Really Mr. O—— had *more* than his reward; for I never yet knew his oratory *worth a button*."

An acquaintance of Sir John's dined at a gentleman's houſe, who gave him ſome very good ale, but excuſed himſelf as to wine, of which he uſed to keep a good ſtore, by ſaying that he had loſt the key of his cellar. The gentleman taking his gueſt into the garden a few hours afterwards, ſhewed him a large oſtrich, and told him, among many other wonderful things related of that bird, that it could digeſt iron.—"Then I ſuppoſe, Sir, ſaid Sir John's friend, he has ſwallowed the key of your wine-cellar."

An elderly gentleman ſitting in a coffee-room with Sir John Fielding, complained greatly of a dog that was perpetually yelping, when a young coxcomb that ſat near him, obſerved that ſome people were eaſily diſconcerted; "But, (ſays he, addreſſing himſelf to the gentleman) I find you have a great averſion to dogs."—"You are right, replied the other, and ſo I have to *puppies* too, for which reaſon I ſhall ſhift my quarters."—With which words he quitted the room, and Sir John followed him.

Sir John Fielding often related that the celebrated Dr. S——l J—n—n once invited Mrs. M-caul-y to dinner—When the table was covered, the doctor inſiſted that his ſervant ſhould ſit down and help himſelf—John, who was very modeſt, at firſt declined the offer, till his maſter being peremptory in the matter, he at laſt complied. On this, the lady roſe from her ſeat, telling doctor J—n—n ſhe did not think he had invited her with a deſign to affront her, by claſſing her with a livery ſervant. The doctor replied, that he rather meant it as a compliment. He then deſired John to riſe, and bring him a book of Mrs. M-c-ly's writing, that lay in the window, out of which he ordered him to read certain paſſages, wherein ſhe aſſerted the equality of all mankind.

As

As he was reading, the lady retired—On which the doctor ſaid very coolly; "Come John, you may give over *preaching*; for I ſee you have made *a very moving diſcourſe indeed.*"

A well known Jew offering bail before lord Mansfield, and having a coat on very much bedaubed with lace, ſome objections being ſtarted to the validity of his bail, L—d M—sf—d ſaid at laſt, "Well, well, we'll accept him, for the gentleman will *burn* for more."

When L—d Sh——ne was about to marry his ſecond lady, his lordſhip's ſon aſked whether this proceeding was owing to any offence that he had given—"Far from that, anſwered his father; on the contrary, I am ſo happy in *you*, that my chief reaſon for marrying again *is to have more* children like you."

A notorious gambler happening once to be detected in palming a card, was obliged to *walk precipitately* out of a two pair of ſtairs window. Happening to mention this circumſtance in a company where Sir John Fielding was preſent, he aſked what he ſhould do in ſuch a caſe—The reſt of the company being ſilent on the occaſion—"If you'll take my advice ſaid the juſtice (who was unknown

unknown to him) you'll never play ſo *high* for the future."

A gentleman of Sir John's acquaintance having once lent a few guineas to a perſon on whom he had but little reliance, to his ſurpriſe, being punctually paid to the time promiſed, the ſame perſon a few days afterwards came with an intention to borrow a larger ſum; but being denied, expreſſed his aſtoniſhment, as he had diſcharged the former obligation, "Why, ſaid the gentleman, you have done ſo—but as you have *diſappointed* me *once*, I am reſolved you ſhall not do ſo a *ſecond time*."

Sir John Fielding being in company where the diſcourſe turned upon learned men, aſked a lady preſent what ſhe thought of doctor Johnſon; "Oh! Sir, replied ſhe, it is not for women to judge of ſuch great men; but if I were to give my opinion, I muſt confeſs I ſhould declare this writer to be very *impertinent*, ſince he will not let a ſingle word paſs without enquiring *whence* it came, and telling all the world of it."

Dr. Johnſon being once aſked what was his opinion of this line in Mr. Murphy's *Orphan of China*;

"Who

" Who rules o'er *free men* ſhould himſelf be *free*."

Replied, " Why it is juſt the ſame as if the author had ſaid,

" Who drives *fat oxen* ſhould himſelf be *fat*."

The following anecdote of the late D—e of Newcaſtle was often told by Sir John Fielding.—At the cloſe of a country election, his grace was ſo much pleaſed with the conduct of one who had given a caſting vote to the candidate whoſe intereſt he had eſpouſed, that he aſked what he could do to ſerve him, promiſing he would grant any thing in his power; " May it pleaſe your Grace, ſaid the perſon, as the exciſeman of the town is very old, I only beg that I may ſucceed him whenever he dies." The duke readily promiſed this, adding, " As ſoon as he is dead, come to me, let it be night or day, inſiſt upon ſeeing me at Lincoln's-inn, at Clermont, at court, or any where, and your requeſt ſhall be granted." This ſatiſfied the voter, who waited in expectation of the exciſeman's death, which happened not long after. He no ſooner heard of this event, than he hurried to town, and arrived at the duke's houſe in Lincoln's-inn-fields about two o'clock in the morning. By a ſingular concurrence of events, it happened that the Spaniſh monarch was at this time very

very ſick, and his death being daily expected, the duke was very ſolicitous about this event, and had diſpatched an expreſs to Madrid with directions to return as ſoon as the monarch died. On this account, orders were given, whenever the meſſenger arrived to admit him immediately to his grace's preſence. A perſon at this inſtant coming to aſk for the duke of Newcaſtle in great haſte, he was accordingly conducted to that nobleman's chamber.—When the man entered the room, he cried out in a tranſport of joy, "My lord duke, he's dead;"—"Is he?—I'm glad to hear it with all my ſoul.—But when did he expire?" "The day before yeſterday," anſwered the man.—"You muſt have flown like lightening then, ſaid the duke; but you worthy creature, how ſhall I reward you." "May it pleaſe your grace, I only aſk to ſucceed him." "*You* ſucceed him!—you!—Can I *appoint* his ſucceſſor ſo eaſily; and if I could, do you think I ſhould fix on *you?*" And ſo ſaying, the duke drew aſide the curtain, and ſeeing the poor voter, recollected his countenance and gueſſed his errand, when falling into a fit of rage, he ordered him to be handed down ſtairs. Some time after, however, he ſent for him, and laughing the matter off, gave his electioneering friend the place, telling him that though *he* was not fit for a *Spaniſh monarch*,

he

he might do well enough for an *English exciſeman.*

A tradeſman who had dealt not in the faireſt manner with Mr. H. Fielding, took the liberty of ſaying that the gentleman had more wit than money. His brother, Sir John, immediately replied, " Sir it muſt be owned that he had *more money than wit when he dealt with you.*" And this anſwer ſilenced the obſerver.

A poor monk coming into a barber's ſhop, where he was to be ſhaved *for God's ſake*, i. e. for nothing, was terribly mauled and cut by the barber. At the ſame time, a cat ſqualling moſt hideouſly and jumping about the room, " What can be the matter with the animal," ſaid the operator. " I don't know indeed, cried the monk, unleſs you have ſhaved her for *God's ſake.*"

The duke of G—n taking notice that a young gentleman had a pretty dog in his arms—" Yes, my lord, ſays he, it is a fine puppy of king Charles's breed." Sir John Fielding, who was preſent, turned about to the obſerver, and told him he had been wrong in the manner of expreſſing himſelf, as he muſt recollect the duke was deſcended from king Charles, and might perhaps take it as an affront. " Oh, ſaid the other, I will

will ſoon rectify that," and immediately running after his grace, " My lord, cried he, I hope you will not be offended at what I ſaid juſt now; for really I forgot that your *grandfather* was king Charles's *baſtard*."

Lord P——t obſerving to lord M——t that he could not conceive how he managed to live apparently above his income, and yet not to get in debt. " Oh! my lord, ſaid the latter, I have a *place*." " What can that be, demanded lord P——." "Only, ſaid the other, that I am my own ſteward." —A good memento to thoughtleſs noblemen! often ſaid Sir John.

When the prince of Orange, afterwards king William III. was firſt preparing for his expedition to England, one of his officers ventured to aſk his highneſs what were his intentions? " Anſwer me a queſtion in your turn (ſaid William) Can you keep a ſecret?" " Certainly," ſaid the other, expecting to be truſted. " And ſo can I, ſaid the prince, for which reaſon you muſt excuſe me from telling you my intentions."

The late Mr. Sterne, being at a coffee-houſe in company with Sir John (then Mr. Fielding), a wretched wit came in, and after having railed againſt the clergy at an immoderate rate, turned to Sterne, and

 with

with an intent to affront him, aſked his opinion on the ſubject: but this facetious clergyman, inſtead of giving a direct anſwer to the queſtion, only obſerved, that he had a dog—a very fine dog to look at,—but the worſt of him was, that he always ſnarled at a clergyman wherever he ſaw one. "How long has he had that trick," demanded the witling. "Oh, Sir, anſwered Mr. Sterne, (bowing to him in particular) *ever ſince he was a PUPPY!*"

The late lord B—— having a great deſire to be thought a proficient in phyſic and ſurgery, the earl of Cheſterfield coming to him one morning, at a time when he wiſhed for his vote and influence in the houſe, where his lordſhip often forgot to attend, pretended to be afflicted with the head-ach, requeſted to be let blood; this his noble friend complied with, and expreſſed great ſatisfaction in the confidence repoſed in him. The earl ſeizing the favourable moment, induced lord B—— to go with him to the houſe, and to vote in a manner favourable to his wiſhes and to the public good; ſo that he uſed to ſay he had the boaſt of having literally *bled* for the ſervice of his country.

A certain doctor being on a little tour with his acquaintance, they ſtopped at Iſlington, where he was well known, and left

them and went for ſome time into the church-yard. As he ſtayed longer than was expected, ſome of the gentlemen expreſſed their ſurpriſe. Oh! ſaid Sir John, who was preſent, "The doctor will be with us ſoon; he is only gone *to viſit ſome of his old patients.*"

A theatrical genius ſupping at an inn in the country, being aſked how he liked his fare, declared, that he had ſupped as well as any man in the kingdom. "You muſt *except* Mr. Mayor (ſaid the landlord) in this and in all caſes." "I ſhall *except* nobody, (replied the gueſt) and it is a compliment to you, that I do not." However the landlord being offended, took his cuſtomer before the magiſtrate, who having wiſely obſerved, "That it was a cuſtom in all caſes, to except the mayor, and that cuſtom was a law, fined him." "Well then, ſaid the culprit, paying the money exacted, I muſt be ruled by cuſtom; but I'll be hanged, if that fellow who brought me here, is not the greateſt fool in Chriſtendom,——*except you Mr. Mayor*,"—And ſo he departed, having raiſed a great laughter at the expence of the worthy magiſtrate.

An honeſt Iriſhman once ſeeing an old acquaintance of his in his coffin, cried out, "Ah, poor fellow, thou haſt had trouble and

and buſtle enough to my knowledge; but heaven be praiſed, that *once in thy life* thou art at thy eaſe!"

A gentleman having told the company, that he was promiſed the leaſe of the next houſe that *fell*; Sir John who ſat next him, obſerved, he ſhould rather have deſired the leaſe of one that *ſtood*.

An intimate acquaintance of Sir John Fielding's, having ſaid, that he wanted a ſon of a whore of a footboy, a woman who overheard him, ſtepped up, and begged him to take her ſon, as ſhe was ſure *he would anſwer his deſcription in every reſpect*.

A woman quarrelling with her huſband in a jealous fit—" Ah, my dear! ſaid the latter, you will lie with any woman in the kingdom." " No, *I* will not; but *you* will, replied ſhe, and that is the very occaſion of our diſpute.

Colonel Bond, who had been one of king Charles the Iſt's. infamous judges, dying about two days before Oliver Cromwell; it was reported that the protector was dead. " No, ſaid a cavalier, I am ſorry it is not ſo; but however, as he muſt go ſoon, he has given Bond *to the devil* (*the arch-pope*) *for his appear-ance*."

An old cavalier looking upon ſome of Oliver's coin, read on one ſide, " God with us."—On the other, " The commonwealth of England"——" So (ſaid he), I perceive at laſt, that God and the Commonwealth are on *different ſides.*"

Sir John Fielding was remarked for frequently telling the following ſhort ſtory;—A player who was notorious for the blunders he was continually making, came forward one Saturday evening to give out the play that was meant to be performed; when he began by ſaying, gentlemen and ladies, " To-morrow will be preſented"—on which ſome of the audience hiſſed, and he was reminded that the next day was Sunday. " Well, ſaid he, then on Monday will be preſented the *Life and Death* of King Henry the VIIIth with the *Coronation* of Queen *Catharine*; the *Divorce* of Anne Bullen, and the FALL of Mrs. *Benſon,—For the* BENEFIT *of Cardinal Woolſey.*

An honeſt countryman who thought to be very complaiſant, being aſked by the lady of the manor how his wife did, who was then with child, replied, " Very bad, *may it pleaſe* your ladyſhip." " And pray, when do you think ſhe will be brought to bed, farmer." " Oh (ſaid he), *whenever your ladyſhip pleaſes!*"

A king

A king of Portugal once ordering a dinner to be provided, of ſuch viands as had no *blood* in them; a young courtier ſtepping forward, humbly preſented his ſword to the monarch—" May it pleaſe your majeſty (ſays he) to make a meal of this—It has no blood in it, and what is more, I will engage it never *drew blood*—at leaſt ſince it has been in *my* poſſeſſion."

A gentleman who was giving directions for placing a great number of pictures, among which was his own, ſaid,—" Well, hang this picture near the window, that by the glaſs; this uncle of mine ſhall be *hanged in the corner*; and here, *fronting the door, in the middle, I'll be hanged myſelf.*"

A perſon who had a little eſtate which he held upon leaſe for three lives, offering to leap over a dangerous pit, and being diſſuaded by an acquaintance, who obſerved, that he would hazard his life by ſuch an attempt, anſwered,—" Pſhaw, what ſignifies the chance of a ſingle life to a man that has a leaſe of three lives?"

A perſon obſerving part of the carcaſe of a hog hanging up at an inn in the country; ſaid, " Landlord, you are reſolved to live well—you have killed a hog." " Not ſo, replied the landlord, it is but the half of one."

one." "I beg pardon, cried the other;—I did not obſerve that—it is no more indeed—Pray, landlord, *when do yon intend to kill the other half?*

It happened once, that a carpenter, who was a very humorous fellow, appearing as a witneſs in a caſe where the plaintiff had been violently aſſaulted, was cloſely interrogated by the counſel on the oppoſite ſide, as to the diſtance he was at, when the blows given in evidence were ſtruck? "Five feet three inches and a half, ſaid the carpenter." "How came you to be ſo exact?" demanded the counſel——"Why, replied the fellow, meaſuring is a part of my buſineſs, and beſides, I was reſolved to be exact in this caſe, *becauſe I thought ſome fool like you would put me to the queſtion.*"

A gentleman who had ſeen many foreign countries, and was much given to the common vice of travellers, being told of that failing by a perſon who could make free with him, the former begged the latter would tread upon his toe at any time when he was guilty of it in company. Accordingly when the traveller was one day deſcribing a church which he ſaid was two miles long, his friend trod upon his toe; when a perſon inquiring the breadth of this wonderful church, he replied, "About twelve feet;"—the company

pany burſting into a loud laugh.—"Zounds, ſays the traveller to his friend, it is you that have made me ſo ridiculous; for had you not trod on my toe, I ſhould certainly have made it as *broad* as it was *long*."

Alexander the Great arriving before the city of Lampſacus, which he was determined to raſe to the ground, Anaximenes, a perſon for whom the king had a great regard, coming to meet him; Alexander before he had time to ſpeak, gueſſing his errand, vowed not to grant his requeſt whatever it might be. "Well, (ſaid Anaximenes) who was in reality the friend of the citizens, I come to conjure you to deſtroy Lampſacus." The king thus caught, kept his oath, and the city was conſequently ſaved.

Two young bucks riding along a road, near which a countryman was ſowing his field, one of them ſaid with a ſneer, "Aye, aye! you countrymen *ſow*, but we reap the fruits of your labours."—"Of mine, 'tis like enough that you may, replied the countryman, for I am ſowing *hemp* at preſent."

A dyer being ordered to hold up his hand (which was very black) in a court of juſtice —"Take *off* your *glove*, friend," ſaid the judge.

judge. " Put *on* your *ſpectacles*, my lord," ſaid the culprit.

A very great boaſter and bully having been once kicked by a gentleman for his impertinence, turning round, ventured to aſk his chaſtiſer, whether he was in earneſt? " Yes, in very good earneſt I aſſure you, ſaid the gentleman," half drawing his ſword. The other, not having courage to anſwer him in that way, contented himſelf with ſaying, " I am glad I know your mind, for I'll be d———d, *if I like ſuch* JESTS."

An Iriſh conſtable once bringing a big-bellied woman before Sir John Fielding, ſaid, " Arrah now, I have brought a maid with child before your worſhip."—On this the wench calling him fool and knave, was reproved by the court.—" Why, ſays ſhe, he muſt be one or the other; for if I am a *maid*, I cannot be with child—in that caſe he is a *fool*; and if I am not with child, he is a *knave* for bringing a falſe accuſation againſt me."

Lord Faulkland having it objected to him that he was not fit to have a ſeat in parliament, becauſe he had not yet ſown his wild oats, ſmartly enough replied, " He only waited for a ſituation like that in the houſe, where

where there were ſo many wild geeſe to pick them up."

When general Preſcot was taken away from his bed in Rhode Iſland, wrapped in a blanket, and being taken from his back by the ſerjeant who gave him his cloaths; well ſerjeant (demanded the captive chief), where is my watch?" "Ah, general, (replied the ſerjeant) if you had kept a watch, this had never happened."

Mr. D——k of famous memory, being once at a coffee-houſe with Dr. Smollet and Sir John Fielding, was obſerved to go frequently to the neceſſary, which in fact was only to get an opportunity (in the univerſity phraſe) of coaxing his ſtockings. The Dr. obſerving, that he ſeemed to have a purging on him—"No faith, Sir, ſays Derrick, the *looſeneſs* is only about my heels" "I thought ſo (replied the doctor), for indeed your feet ſmell confoundedly." To make amends for this joke however, the doctor took him home, where he preſented him with two pieces to get his feet into better order.

A lord chief juſtice in the time when the Lollards, ſomewhat like our Moderns, had become troubleſome to the ſtate, having committed two of them to priſon, one of their

their brethren came and infisted on seeing the magistrate—Being introduced, he said, the LORD had sent him with an order immediately to order a *noli prosequi*, on pain of punishment in the other world. "That cannot be, replied the chief justice; for had thou come from the LORD, he would have sent thee to the attorney-general, because he well knows I have not the power to grant thy request—Therefore thou art a false prophet and an impostor;" and he was sent in consequence to keep company with his brethren in prison.

Mr. C—lm—n having some disputes with Mr. Yates in Sir John's presence, the latter said to the former, "You insignificant being, for three farthings I would put you in my pocket." "Would you, cried the other? Then you would have more wit in your *pocket* than ever you had in your head."

An Hibernian gentleman very liable to make blunders, had laid a wager that he would not make one for twelve hours—The wager was a dozen of wine and a supper. In order to be safe from blundering, this gentleman scarcely uttered three sentences till the time was nearly elapsed and the bett given up for lost; when one of the company observing how long the messenger staid

that

that had been dispatched for the wine,——" O faith (cries the Hibernian), I suppose he has broken the bottles and stays to fill them again." This timely bull occasioned the forfeiture of his wager, and the company were literally merry at his expence.

A young rake once meeting with an elderly man who was very pious, said, with a great deal of pertness—" Pray, if all your rules of a future state should prove false, would not you look very foolish, old father?"——" Pray, said the other, according to *your plan*, how could I look foolish, if death *ended* my existence? But if it *should* be otherwise, who would be more foolish, *you* or *I*?"

Sir John Fielding having occasion to take a boat at Hungerford stairs, first demanded in a very audible voice, " Who could swim?" About forty persons answered in the affirmative. " Indeed, I can't swim at all said a well-looking young fellow."—" Oh! then (replied Sir John), *you* are *the man*; because *for your own sake*, you will take care of me."

A lady of Sir John's acquaintance, having a dispute about her age in company, after asserting she was but thirty years old,—" Madam (said her relation), I cannot dispute

pute the matter, for I have heard you ſay ſo for theſe ten years."

A gentleman adventurer having told Sir John, that he had juſt purchaſed a phæton on a new *plan*; I am afraid it is on the *old one*, replied the juſtice, for I ſuppoſe it is never to be paid for.

Dean Swift having preached a ſermon at an aſſize in Ireland, was invited to dinner by one of the judges, when, as he had been pretty ſevere upon thoſe counſellors who will take every ſide of the queſtion, one of the young barriſters who thought to be very ſmart upon the churchman, ſaid, "Doctor, if it were poſſible for the d———l to die, don't you think a clergyman might be found to preach his funeral ſermon?"——"Very likely, replied the dean, and were I the man pitched upon, I ſhould do by the d——l as I have juſt now done by his diſciples—I ſhould *give him his due*.

A perſon being aſked by a broker, Why he did not marry, demanded whether he who aſked the queſtion, would undertake to recommend him a wife? "You know my trade (replied the other), I don't deal in freſh goods—ſhould I meet with one *reaſonable* at *ſecond-hand*, I will not forget you.

Mr. T——, who wrote an account of his travels, mentioning the variety of places and manners that he had ſeen, a certain lady of quality, who had eloped with a poſt-boy, ſaid ſhe had ſeen as many countries as that gentleman, which the latter ſeeming inclined to diſpute; " Oh, (ſaid Sir John Fielding, who happened to be in company) your poſt-boy might have had a companion!

The late Mr. Quin having made very free with a certain lord's name in a diſpute, was given to underſtand, that if he did ſo any more, the noble peer would order one of his ſtouteſt footmen to thraſh him. "*That* is not impoſſible, replied Quin, but this I know, ſhould the noble peer's footman thraſh *me*, in return *I will thraſh his lordſhip*."

Lord S——ne once aſked Sir John Fielding whether he could gueſs why the gooſe, whenever there was one at an entertainment, was generally placed next to the parſon. " Your lordſhip's chaplain can beſt anſwer that queſtion," ſaid the knight. The chaplain, with a ready wit, replied, " Indeed, I can't readily tell; but I am ſure I ſhall never after ſee a *gooſe* without thinking of his lordſhip."

Lord M———d being willing to ſave a man who had ſtolen a trifling trinket, ad-

vised the prosecutor to value it at no more than ten pence; "Oh, my lord, cries the aggrieved party, it cost me *ten* times that for *fashion*."—"But, returns the judge, you know we must not hang a man for *fashion's sake*."

Sir John Fielding asking a pragmatical attorney (whose company he did not much like) how he did? "Faith! Sir John, says he, I can't tell—I am not *myself* this morning."—"I am glad to hear it, replied the knight, for really if you are any *body else*, you must be a gainer by the exchange."

A person of a very bad character, who had often intruded himself upon the same worthy magistrate, being once reproved by him for some infamous publications in which he had been lately concerned, confessed they were blameable—"But you know Sir, said he, there is a *necessity* for me to *live*."—"Upon my word, (replied Sir John, turning upon his heel) I *really can't see the necessity*."

A very bad preacher, whose oratory and manners were so disgusting to his audience, that they frequently left him in the midst of his discourses, once asked a person to go to church with him, to hear a sermon, which he assured him was an excellent one: his acquaintance

acquaintance declining this, and being at laſt preſſed to give his reaſons, replied,— "Doctor, I think *one* will be ſufficient—It is this—I would not diſturb you in your *ſolitude*."

When Sir W—n L—s was knighted by the king, happening to ſtumble, as he was riſing, he endeavoured to apologize for his falſe ſtep; "Oh, Sir, ſaid his majeſty, make no apologies; for it is *I* that ought to be *aſhamed*." Which Sir John Fielding ſaid he thought was really and literally true in the caſe in queſtion.

Mr. O'K—y walking one day to the Green Park with his hat under his arm when the wind was very high and ſharp, a lady who was in company expreſſing her aſtoniſhment that he ſhould be uncovered in ſuch tempeſtuous weather, "Arrah! faith, madam, ſaid O'K—y, but after repeated trials my hat is ſo large that *I can't keep it upon my head any longer than juſt whilſt it is under my arm*."

Captain M—gu, generally known by the name of mad M—gu, being at Boſton during the late war, cruiſing to protect the Britiſh and American trade, happend one Sunday, to come on ſhore to kiſs his wife,

who waited for his arrival, and to take a little walk of pleasure. The select men, and other fanatics of Boston, deeming this conduct to be a profanation of the sabbath, the next day sentenced the captain to be set in the public stocks. He bore the ignominy with such an appearance of temper as was little expected from him. He did not, however, forget the disgrace; but having learned who were the persons principally concerned in the determination, at his departure, he invited them on board his ship, where he gave them a dinner. But when the moment arrived in which the *holy men* were to take their leave, the top-sails being loose, the anchor hauled a-peak, and all things ready for sailing, the captain accompanied his good friends upon deck, where the boatswain and his crew were prepared for their reception. He now thanked them for the *many civilities* that they had shewn him, and expressed his wishes of being able to make an *adequate* return. In one point at least he declared he would not be behindhand with them: and after reminding them of what was passed, ordered each of them a smart flogging at the gangway; after which the saints were put into their boats amidst the shouts of the sailors, and the captain sailed for England. Sir John used to be highly pleased with this story, which, considering

ſidering the difference of ſea and land, might be ſaid to be conſidered as according to the law of retaliation.

A nobleman being in a *cook*'s habit at a maſquerade, was perpetually teaſed by a troubleſome perſon in a domino to get him a diſh of nice veal cutlets. At laſt the noble cook replied, " I cannot well do that unleſs I cut the meat from your carcaſe, as I ſee no *calf* like you in the company."

A perſon who was a very indifferent poet, though a good phyſician, telling Sir John that he had a deſign of publiſhing his poems, if he had not ſo many irons in the fire; " Then, ſaid the knight, let me adviſe you to put *your poems into the fire likewiſe.*"

The celebrated Dr. G——m, the prince of quacks, once viſiting a lady at ſome diſtance from town, ſhe expreſſed her apprehenſions that the journey might be inconvenient to him, " Oh! madam, returns the doctor, as I have another patient in the neighbourhood, it is but KILLING *two birds with one ſtone.*"

The ſame very learned and incomprehenſible doctor, being aſked whether it was not a little ſtrange that he ſhould have the lights

extinguiſhed in the evening, when his electrical fire was to be diſplayed, anſwered that not only this, but many other illuminations were intended to *keep people in the dark.*

A gentleman who had run out a great deal of money, finding his houſe beſet with bailiffs, aſked a friend of his and Sir John's how he ſhould manage matters, ſince he ſaw but one way, which was that of deſcending from a two pair of ſtairs window; and even in that caſe he did not know but he might be caught at the back part of the houſe—" Oh, ſtay till Sunday by all means, replied his friend, for by trying the other method you'll only *let yourſelf down*, which I ſhould be ſorry to ſee."

A certain nobleman who has ſpent a great deal of money in contriving navigable canals, was told the other day, that his principal piece of water *ran out*—" Aye, ſaid a gentleman preſent, if it be ſo, it is no more than his grace has done before; for to my knowledge he has been *running out theſe ſeven years.*"

A taylor having made a ſuit of cloaths for one of his cuſtomers, as he was repairing to the gentleman with them, ſaw a funeral paſs by, which was attended by an apothecary of his acquaintance, to whom he

he made the following remark, " So, mafter, I ſee you are carrying your work home as well as I."

Sir John Fielding uſed to tell the following ſtory of Quin the player; a pert fellow once aſking this theatrical genius what he would give to be as young as he?—" Why, replied Quin, I don't know whether I ſhould not be content to be almoſt as *fooliſh*."

A traveller being extravagantly charged at an inn, at his firſt coming to London, complained very much of it to Sir John Fielding, who was his particular acquaintance; ſaying, amongſt other things, " That people ſhould do as they would be done by."—" Well, cried Sir John, if the perſon complained of forgot one piece of chriſtian doctrine, it is pretty plain that he literally obſerved another; for you were a ſtranger, and *he took you* IN."

A certain counſellor once told an exciſe-officer, of his acquaintance, he was ſo ill that he ſhould ſoon be *gone*—" Come, replied the other, don't be caſt down, you ſhall not have a *permit* to die as yet."—" But then, replied the counſellor, if there is not a ſharp look-out kept for *death*, it is ten to one but he will *ſmuggle me*."

Sir

Sir John Fielding uſed to be much pleaſed with the following ſtory.—" As his late majeſty was on his return from Hanover, his carriage happening to break down between Helvoetſluys and the Brill, on a road where they were obliged to put up at a common gin-houſe, coffee was procured for the king, and ſix bottles of gin for his attendants, while the carriage was getting ready. The reckoning being called for, the landlord, who was appriſed of the quality of his royal gueſt, was ſo modeſt as to make a charge amounting to eighty pounds ſterling for this poor fare. Lord Ligonier, to whom the bill was brought, ſeverely reprimanded the fellow for his attempt to impoſe upon his majeſty; but the king overhearing the diſpute, cried, " Come, my good lord, let us pay the money—The landlord would not have made ſo high a charge, but that the poor fellow knows KINGS *ſeldom call here.*"

An ingenious author, who had for a long time been under a proſecution in Doctor's Commons, once read to his proctor four acts of an excellent tragedy which he was then employed in writing,—" Good Heaven, Sir, cried the proctor, how can you *add* to the diſtreſs already deſcribed, when you come to the laſt act?"—" Oh, Sir, replied the author, very eaſily; for I ſhall then

then meet the hero and heroine in the *Spiritual* Court."

A perſon who was remarkable for his bad life, once told Sir John Fielding that he would willingly beſtow a thouſand pounds, if he could only purchaſe a good name.—" It would be the worſt money you ever laid out in your life then, replied Sir John, for you would forfeit it again in a week I am ſure."

A graceleſs ſon aſking his aged mother in one of his airs " What ſhe did out of her grave ſo long?"—" Oh! Son, anſwered ſhe, I only waited to read your *dying ſpeech*."

A woman aſking her huſband how many women he had kiſſed ſince his marriage, " Why, ſaid he, if we had as many penny loaves as I have kiſſed women ſince you have been my wife, we ſhould have bread enough to laſt us for theſe ſeven years. And now, continues he, pray tell me how many men you have kiſſed in the ſame ſpace of time."—" Why huſband, replied ſhe, if we had as many cheeſes as men have kiſſed me ſince I have been your wife, we ſhould have two cheeſes to one loaf I am ſure."

A young man who courted a lady of Sir John Fielding's acquaintance, and who always

ways uſed to ſwear by his ſoul to every thing, yet often broke his oath; was told by the lady, as he was one day making uſe of his cuſtomary aſſeveration, that he muſt bring ſome other pledge; "For, Sir, ſaid ſhe, your *ſoul* is already *forfeited*."

A perſon was obſerving in a company where Sir John Fielding was preſent, that his great grandfather, grandfather, and father, all died at ſea.—"If I were in your place then, ſaid a perſon who ſat next him, I would never go to ſea."—"Why, cried the other, where did your great grandfather, grandfather, and father die?"—"In their beds."—"Why then, replied the firſt, if I were in your place, I would *never go to bed*."

As a young ſtudent was ſhewing the muſeum at Oxford to a ſelect company, among other things, he exhibited a ruſty ſword.—"Gentlemen and ladies, ſaid he, this is the ſword with which Balaam was going to kill his aſs."—"I thought, ſaid one of Sir John's friends who was preſent, that Balaam had no ſword at that time, and only wiſhed for one."—"You are right, cried the ſtudent, and this is *the very ſword that he wiſhed for*."

Mr. E———ne, a preſbyterian, praying at a church in Edinburgh, ſaid, "L——d have

have mercy on all fools and idiots, and particularly on the magiſtrates of Edinburgh."

Two people laying a wager which of them could reach fartheſt, a third, who happened to be in company, and was well known to be a ſhuffler, offered to lay a crown bowl of punch that he could reach higher than either of them. "Oh, ſaid one, we ſhall not lay a wager with you, for nobody doubts but you can *overreach any of us*."

A gentleman meeting a friend of Sir John Fielding's one morning, aſked him to go and take a dinner; adding, "I have no company but three good friends, our old friend Bacon, and the two Mrs. Greens." "If I am only to expect *bacon* and *greens* (replied the other) you muſt excuſe me, for I cannot make a dinner of them."

Mr. D———, one of Sir John Fielding's acquaintance, who was a great humouriſt, once invited ſix quakers to ſup with him on a Saturday night. Some of theſe knowing his muſical abilities, wiſhed to have a ſong from him—"If thou art inclined to amuſe *thyſelf* in the ſinging way (ſaid one of them) there is none here, friend D———, that will oppoſe thee." Being thus

thus indirectly ſolicited, he began to amuſe *himſelf*, as they were pleaſed to term it, to the great entertainment of his company. However, as it was rather late before he begun, the clock ſtruck *twelve* juſt as he had got through three verſes of that very *modeſt* ſong, " *Have you not read a book, call'd Triſtram Shandy, ma'am?*" But here the ſinger pauſed, becauſe he would not profane the ſabbath; which one of the quakers obſerving, ſaid, " Friend D———, thou mayeſt finiſh thy ſong; for I affirm that clock is above *five minutes too faſt*."

A gentleman at a veniſon feaſt once ſaid that he had made a very valuable diſcovery, for that he had found out the beſt cut in the haunch. Being aſked to tell which it was; " Not for fifty pounds (ſaid the other) *do you conſider that I am a lover of veniſon*."

One Mr. Coke, an attorney in the Temple, being once romping with his laundreſs, whoſe name was Littleton, it happened that they had a fall, and Mr. Coke falling uppermoſt, Sir John and a gentleman, who chanced then to come in, ſeeing them in this ſituation, the gentleman aſked the juſtice what he thought of this ſight? Sir John, who knew the parties, replied, " It was the beſt edition he had remembered

membered to have ſeen of *Coke upon Littleton.*"

Sir John Fielding was acquainted with a brave officer, who being preſſed by him to deſcribe the nature of a ſoldier's courage, replied, he could not meaſure the valour or good qualities of any other man; but for myſelf, ſaid he, this is my method: "On the firſt fire in an engagement, I always look upon myſelf as a dead man—I then boldly fight out the remainder of the time, regardleſs of all danger, as it becomes a *dead man* to be. So all the limbs I carry back again unhurt, I look upon, as indeed I do my life itſelf, to be ſo much ſaved out of the fire."

Mr. S———, a gentleman who was a candidate for a borough in the weſt, having only one vote, while his opponent had above one hundred, Sir John hearing of it, ſaid, he wondered Mr. S——— did not demand a ſcrutiny, *as he loſt the election only by* ONE.

An honeſt Iriſhman calling out of a three pair of ſtairs window to an acquaintance of his that was paſſing along the ſtreet, the latter excuſed himſelf, ſaying, that he could not ſpare time. "Ah! this is the caſe (exclaimed the Iriſhman) becauſe I

have met with misfortunes, and you ſee I am *low* in the world, you won't be after coming *up* to *ſpake* to me; when I lived upon a *ground floor*, you could walk *up* often enough—but now I am in a garret, arrah, faith! you *look down* upon me!"

A certain Jew who became a bankrupt, having borrowed five hundred pounds of one of Sir John Fielding's acquaintance, was reproached by the other for having borrowed it at a time when he knew that he was juſt about breaking, told him, in his Jew dialect, that he ſhould think himſelf much obliged to him; "for (ſaid this *honeſt* Iſraelite) if I had aſked you for two thouſand pounds, I ſhould have had it—ſo hold your tongue, and be thankful."

Sir John Fielding being once at a country playhouſe, as it was called, where the entertainment of the Stage Coach was miſerably performed, deſired to know of one of the performers when they ſhould have the *Stage Coach* again? "Next Monday, I believe, ſir, (ſaid the player, bowing reſpectfully) but public notice will be given in the bills of the day." "I am glad of that (ſaid Sir John) becauſe I intend to be an *outſide paſſenger*."

A per-

A perſon in High Holborn wanting to let the lower part of his houſe, and retain the upper part himſelf, very wiſely put up the following words, which ſtill remain conſpicuous at his window; "A ſhop, parlour and cellar *to be let alone.*"

Anecdote of Mr. Charles Fox.

Lord H——d, the father of Mr. Charles Fox, expatiating one day on his ſon's extravagance, ſaid at the concluſion of his diſcourſe, "Charles, take the advice of the wiſe Solomon, who ſays, *Always keep a penny in thy pocket.*" Charles replied, "I have read all the works of Solomon, my lord, and do not find any ſuch expreſſion in them." "Don't you (ſaid his lordſhip) then I cannot think that Solomon was ſo wiſe a man as I took him to be; for if he did not ſay ſo, he at leaſt ought to have ſaid ſo."

Another Singular Anecdote.

A gentleman of the name of Stukely, in the time of queen Elizabeth, was ſo prepoſſeſſed with the notion that he ſhould be a king before his death, that he made this idea the conſtant topic of his converſation. The queen hearing of it, ſent for him, and aſked him, if he would correſpond with her when he came to his future

crown. He ſaid, "By all means." "Then in what manner will you addreſs me when you are a king?" ſaid Elizabeth. "By the title of dearly beloved ſiſter," replied Stukely.—This regal madneſs got ſo far poſſeſſion of his brain, that he ſold his eſtate, raiſed a number of men as enthuſiaſtic as himſelf, bought a ſhip, and ſailed with his adherents to the Barbary coaſt, to conquer ſome kingdom in Africa. About the ſame time Don Sebaſtian, king of Portugal, landing in Morocco on a ſcheme near as romantic, Stukely joined his forces to thoſe of the Portugueſe monarch, and they in conjunction engaged four Mooriſh ſovereigns, two of whom were killed in the battle, as were Stukely and Don Sebaſtian, and the Chriſtians were totally defeated. This remarkable occurrence, which is very little known, gave riſe to the following antient diſtich;

"A fatal fight, for in one day were ſlain
"Three kings that were, and one that
"wou'd be fain."

A few evenings ſince the following ſingular circumſtance happened at a coffee-houſe in the Strand. It had been obſerved by ſome ſharpers, that an elderly rich gentleman and a reputed miſer frequented the houſe every evening, and ſat ſeveral hours over

over a newſpaper and three-pennyworth of capilaire, taking at the ſame time a great deal of ſnuff.—One of the ſharpers went to the coffee-houſe at the miſer's uſual time of being there, ſeated himſelf by him, entreated the favour of a pinch of ſnuff, which was granted, then paid his reckoning, and went away. Soon after two confederates entered, and ſeated themſelves by the ſame gentleman. After a little converſation, one of the confederates pretended he had loſt a guinea, which he was ſure he had in his pocket when he entered the room. The other confederate declared he had ſeen the miſer put ſomething which glittered like gold into his ſnuff-box. The miſer denied the charge; the box was produced in conſequence of this denial, and the guinea, which was remarkable, and had been particularly deſcribed by the pretended loſer, found in it; for the firſt ſharper, who had begged a pinch of ſnuff, conveyed it there. The miſer's fortune availed nothing; the fact ſeemed evident; his avaricious temper was well known, and he was at length condemned by the company to make reſtitution of the guinea, and preſent a twenty pound bank note to the ſuppoſed injured perſon.

Anecdote not generally known of Dean Swift and the celebrated Duke of Wharton.

The duke one day was relating to the dean many of his whimſical exploits, and various frolicks; but as they conſiſted principally of ingenious debaucheries, the dean at length ſtopped him, and ſaid, "My lord duke, I adviſe you the next time you have an inclination to engage in a frolick, to try the frolick of being virtuous; and, take my word for it, you will find it the pleaſanteſt frolick you ever played in your life."

Two gentlemen, not converſant in the Wiſdom of Solomon, entered into a diſpute a little while ſince at a coffee-houſe upon ſome religious topics; at length, exaſperated by the controverſy, the one ſaid with a ſneer, "*You* pretend to talk about religion! I'll lay you five guineas you can't ſay the Lord's prayer." The other accepted the wager, and immediately began the creed, which he went through tolerably well. The firſt not knowing the difference, though he had actually won, allowed his wager to be loſt; ſaying at the ſame time, "Upon my honour, I did not think you could have ſaid it."——Since this occurrence, both the gentlemen are ſtiled, the *learned doctors*.

A poem

A poem being ſhewn to the duke of G———n, at White's, his grace told the author, that it contained wit, but that it was of the *baſtard kind.* "True (ſaid the author) but it is not a baſtardly generation." Alluding to his grace's illegetimate deſcent from king Charles the Second, of amorous memory.

A capital tradeſman in the city, who for many years was a profeſſed patriot, and on that account had received many conſiderable orders from the principal people of that party, at length received an item, that he might have a government contract, if he applied for it. The intimation pleaſed him, and the thoughts of profit allured him to the idea of making a proper application. Theſe ſentiments being known to a patriotic friend, the latter upbraided him for the duplicity of his conduct; and in particular told him, *that he was ſorry he did not know on which* SIDE *his bread was butter'd.* "You are quite miſtaken (replied the avaricious tradeſman) *I well know on which ſide my bread is butter'd; but then you will excuſe me, if I wiſh to have it* BUTTERED ON BOTH SIDES."

No people on the face of the earth are more partial to their own country than the Scotch; on which account Mr. Foote never failed

failed to chaſtiſe every Scotchman, who at any time in his company choſe to ride his national hobby-horſe. On one of theſe occaſions, a Scotchman having been figuring away concerning the great ſagacity and ingenuity of his countrymen, Mr. Foote determined to puniſh him by relating the following ſtory. "A ſhip being in diſtreſs at ſea (ſaid the wit) the compaſs was by ſome accident thrown down, and daſhed to pieces. This threw the captain into a terrible dilemma; he knew not how to ſteer without it, nor did he underſtand how to make one. A Scotch ſailor, taking notice of his anxiety, ſaid, "Sir, donna ye know how to make a compaſs." "No (replied the captain) I wiſh I did." "Out, out, mon (returned the Scotchman) the muckle de'el gar me, but I'le ſhew thee how to make one, if you'll give me a ſheet of writing paper." A ſheet of writing paper being produced, the Scotchman very deliberately put his thumb and finger into the collar of his ſhirt, drew forth a louſe, and placed it gently on the paper; "Now ken ye well, coptain, (ſaid he) and obſerve ye, that a Scotch louſe always travels ſouthward; ſo that if ye mind the courſe of this louſe upon the paper, ye may eaſily find whereabout the north is, and make your compaſs accordingly."

Another

Another ſtory our Engliſh Ariſtophanes uſed to be fond of relating, was concerning a gentleman, named Brown, who had a large eſtate, and kept a great number of negroes in the iſland of Barbadoes. Mr. Brown having miſſed a conſiderable ſum of money, had great reaſon to think that ſome of his negro ſlaves had ſtolen it, and in order to detect the thief, tried the following experiment. Having ſummoned all the negro ſlaves to attend him in a large hall, he thus harangued them; "I have been informed in a viſion by the great ſerpent, whom you adore, that the thief who ſtole my money is one of you; and he moreover told me, that the very man ſhould at this preſent moment have a large feather out of a parrot's tail hanging at the tip of his noſe." Mr. Brown had no ſooner uttered theſe words, than the real thief betrayed his guilt by ſuddenly clapping his hand up to his noſe, to feel for the feather, and exhibiting the utmoſt ſymptoms of fear. On ſeeing this, Mr. Brown ſuddenly ſeized hold of the fellow, and charged him home with the theft; the poor fellow being greatly terrified, and thinking that his deity, the great ſerpent, had betrayed him to his maſter, very readily confeſſed the fact, and reſtored the money. Mr. Brown, however, acted with more lenity upon this occaſion than is uſual, when offences of ſuch a kind have been committed

by

by negro ſlaves; for after the reſtoration of the money, he freely forgave him, thinking the fright he had put him into a ſufficient puniſhment for his perfidy.

A Welch parſon wanting his chimney ſwept, ſent for an old play-fellow of his; while the job was doing, the parſon came into the kitchen, and ſeeing the man's ſon holding the bag for his father, ſays, "How now, John, do you intend to bring your ſon up to this trade." The ſweep replied, he could not tell, but if he behaved well, and tractable, he believed he might; if not, he ſhould make a parſon of him; "for (ſays he) you muſt know, it is a clever fellow that can go up a chimney, and ſweep it; but any fool can go up into a pulpit, and preach nonſenſe, as you do."

A lady being aſked how ſhe liked a gentleman's ſinging, who had a very *ſtinking breath*, ſaid, "The words are good, *but the air is intolerable.*"

New

New Croſs Readings,

Selected by order of Sir JOHN F——, on his hearing the Newſpapers read to him at different Times.

ON the — inſtant the outward-bound Eaſt and Weſt-India fleets——
Were arreſted at the ſuit of a Frenchman and Spaniard, who are in partnerſhip.

Yeſterday a great houſe ſtopped payment—
And the thieves got clear off with the booty.

Commodore Walſingham hath taken ſeveral prizes——
And Mr. Payne conducted them ſafe to Wood-ſtreet compter.

Laſt Wedneſday ſeveral common proſtitutes——
Were ſworn-in of his M——'s P—y C—l.

At the enſuing general election——
We have no doubt but great rewards will always produce perjury.

We are told that a ſhoe-black near Charing-croſs——
Hath ſolicited for the next vacant blue ribbon.

Buggs effectually deſtroyed——
Which will make a great reform in his majeſty's houſhold.

At the Haymarket, a few nights ſince, appear'd a new female performer—
And the lady miſcarried the ſame evening.

Since our late diſaſters a certain peer——
Ran mad, and bit ſeveral people.

The ox that did ſo much miſchief laſt Friday--
Received his education at an academy in Lincolnſhire.

Bank ſtock is greatly fallen——
No cure, no pay.

The commerce of this country is ruined—
And the jury brought in their verdict wilful murder.

Original

Original POETRY,

By Sir JOHN F——, and others.

EPIGRAMS.

I.

ON grace, free will, and myſteries high,
THOMAS harangues the table:
THOMAS believes, *he knows not why*:
JACK ſwears, 'tis all a fable.

But why ſhould they thus diſagree?
JACK, own thy empty brother:
Religion *laughs* at *foes* like thee;
But dreads a *friend* like *t'other*.

II.

DORINDA has ſuch wond'rous charms,
'Tis heav'n to lie within her arms:
And ſhe's ſo charitably giv'n,
She wiſhes *all mankind in heav'n*.

III.

MARCIUS, you ſay, is full of ſpleen,
In drunken clubs is often ſeen;
Perhaps this may be true.
MARCIUS has many knaviſh tricks,
In buſineſs and in politics:
But *what's all this to* YOU?

You with your friends are ſtill at ſtrife,
You ſtarve your children, beat your wife,
Nor pay your debts when due:
Your tradeſmen ſay you cheat them all;
You're kick'd out from each public hall:
My friend, THIS *is to* YOU!

IV.

"I Swore, ſaid LOUIS, t'other day,
"My fleets ſhould rule the ſea;
"Aſſur'd that BRITAIN muſt give way
"To angry SPAIN and ME."

Said Neptune, "I who heard the boaſt,
"Swore, GEORGE ſhould rule the main:
"You reckon'd, friend, *without your hoſt*;
"So reckon o'er again."

V.

BELINDA once, with her conſent, I kiſs'd,
Whoſe *noſe* was too diſtinguiſh'd to be miſs'd;
"Fair

" Fair one (cry'd I) fain would I kiſs you
" cloſer;
" But tho' your *lips* ſay " Aye," your *noſe*
" ſays " No, ſir."
The maid, who was to equal fun inclin'd,
Immediate plac'd her lily hand *behind*;
" Here, ſwain (ſaid ſhe) may you ſecurely
" kiſs,
" For here's no *noſe* to interrupt your bliſs."

VI.

WHILE Dick and Tom in fierce diſpute engage,
And face to face their noiſy conteſt wage;
" Don't *cock* your chin at me," Dick ſmartly cries;
" Fear nought, the head's *not chang'd*," his friend replies.

VII.

GRAVE Peter was often in company told,
That his wife was an ignorant fool and a ſcold;
Her part Peter took, for 'twas taking his own;
His choice was arraign'd, and his choice was well known:
He quarrell'd with all that durſt ſpeak of his ſtate;
Tho' well it was known his wife cudgell'd his pate:

Yet three duels he fought—thrice he ventur'd his life,
Went home, and—*was cudgell'd again by his wife.*

VIII.

OF Mira, Flavia often ſays,
The people talk much in her praiſe,
She has but *one* to woo her;
But Flavia, as we ſee each day,
At ball, at court, at park, or play,
Has *numbers* that purſue her.

Yet Flavia, giddy, thoughtleſs, vain,
Though in your fancy'd captive train
You count a ſcore of lovers;
Remember that at laſt you'll find,
One conſtant ſwain to love inclin'd,
Is worth an hundred rovers.

IX.

SIR Godfrey and Radcliff had one common way
Into one common garden, and each had a key:
Quoth Kneller, the painter, "I'll ſtop up "that door,
"If ever I find it unlock'd any more."
"Your threats (reply'd Radcliff) diſturb "not my eaſe;
"Don't *paint* it, my friend, and do what "elſe you pleaſe."

"'Tis

" 'Tis agreed (cry'd ſmart Kneller) and ſay
" what you will,
" I'll *take* any thing from you—*but potion*
" *or pill!*"

THE QUESTION.

CAN you tell me why I love?
Why my thoughts to Delia rove?
Why each morn I view her charms,
Wiſh her at eve within my arms?
Why awake ſhe's ſtill in ſight,
Abſent fills my dreams at night?
Why her ſlave I ſtill remain,
Tho' repining at the chain?

ANSWER.

CAN you tell why rivers flow?
Why in June the roſes blow?
Can you tell in yonder mead
Why with joy the flocks will feed?
Why in Spring in ev'ry grove
Still the birds pour ſtrains of love?
Anſwer me, and then I'll tell,
Shepherd, why *you love ſo well.*

From MARTIAL.

MY friend went out, when he return'd
he found
His wife was fruitful, barren was his ground;

And how this happen'd would you under-
ſtand?
His wife was till'd, while fallow lay his
land.

On EPITAPHS.

FOR Epitaphs too long I'm griev'd,
For juſtly it is ſaid,
One half will never be believ'd,
The *other* never read.

On WAR.

OFT we've been told in days of old,
That ev'ry valiant knight,
In fields of war, renown'd and bold,
For *beauty* us'd to fight.

It was fair Helen's fatal charms
Could heroes ſwords employ;
And wak'd in Phrygia loud alarms,
And ſack'd imperial Troy.

But not for beauty now we train
Our ſoldiers to the field;
Beauty and Honour plead in vain,
To pow'rful gold they yield.

But ſhould you aſk me as a friend,
For which I would be bold?
For BEAUTY all my blood I'd ſpend,
But not a *drop* for GOLD.

On HEALTH.

'TIS to Health alone we owe
All of good the heav'ns beſtow;
What without her can give eaſe?
Can ambitious Fortune pleaſe?
No, fair Reaſon conſtant cries;
No, Amyntas ſtill replies:
Fortune, honour, worth and truth,
Glory, and yet blooming youth,
On Amyntas ſmile in vain;
HEALTH attends not on the train.
Health, not ſuch as Gr——m tells
With his *roſy goddeſs* dwells;
Health not ſuch as quacks pretend
On their baleful drugs attend;
No, but ſuch as ſtill ſhall ſpeak
For herſelf on Delia's cheek;
Such as with a genuine fire
Can the ſwelling breaſt inſpire;
Such as the ruſtic ſwain greets,
When he taſtes the morning ſweets;
Such as on the bleak hill's height,
Can the rugged Swiſs delight,
Who the keeneſt blaſt will dare,
Facing ſtill the piercing air.

Taught by theſe, O goddeſs free,
Still my vows I pay to thee;
Gifts of wealth for thee I ſcorn,
On the tide of Fortune borne:

Let

Let them all ſtill paſs away,
HEALTH, if thou ſhould'ſt not decay;
For to thee my praiſe I give,
And with thee I wiſh to live.

A Country QUARTER SESSIONS.

THREE or four parſons, three or four 'ſquires,
Three or four tradeſmen, three or four liars,
Three or four hands, and three or four ſeals,
Three or four pariſhes bringing appeals;
Three or four baſtards, three or four w——s,
Of tag, rag and bobtail, three or four ſcores;
Three or four ſtatutes not underſtood,
Three or four paupers praying for food;
Three or four officers, juſtices minions,
Three or four lawyers of different opinions;
Three or four roads that never were mended,
Three or four ſcolds——And the ſeſſion is ended.

ON MAN.

MAN's a poor deluded bubble,
Wand'ring in a miſt of lies;
Seeing falſe, or ſeeing double,
Yet he truſts to his weak eyes:
Still preſuming on his ſenſes,
On he goes, moſt wond'rous wiſe;
Doubts of *truth*, yet truſts pretences,
In his error lives and dies.

THE

THE ELECTION; A FABLE.

WERE Elections free they ſay,
They ſhould be ſo ev'n at this day;
This was, as learned folks have told,
When brutes could ſpeak—in times of old:
At length amongſt the brutal tribe,
A Fox firſt introduc'd a *bribe*;
This ſoon begot a hundred fairly,
For ſin will multiply moſt rarely.
The ſtory of its introduction
We'll here unfold for your inſtruction.

A Monkey with a ſcheming head,
Was to the barber's calling bred;
Four trees of filberd nuts he claim'd,
And thence was a freeholder nam'd.
Beneath the ſhelter of theſe trees,
He lather'd brutes, and liv'd at eaſe.

Before him once appear'd a Goat,
To *loſe* his beard, and *gain* a vote.
The Monkey ſoon began to ſhave,
And talk politically grave.

The Goat, a beaſt of much diſcerning,
Applauds his wiſdom and his learning;
And opens by degrees the caſe,
" I'm candidate for—ſuch a place;
" Accept of theſe twelve peaches, pray,
" (I'm ſhav'd extremely well to-day.)

" The

" The other candidate, you know,
" Is your's—he's all the nations foe :
" I hope you'll ſuch a rogue oppoſe !—
" I'll be *your friend*, ſhould I be choſe."
The Monkey promis'd, bit a peach,
Wiſh'd to take in, and lather each.

Next t'other candidate, a Fox,
Came with a train of dunghill cocks ;
The Monkey ſhav'd him neat and trim,
And ſwore no beaſt could equal *him*.
The Fox two dozen peaches gave,
And ſwore the Goat was but a knave.
" Now he, my wiſhes to defeat,
" Reports (ſays Reynard) fools I eat :
" But, friend, let it be underſtood,
" That I abhor the thoughts of blood.
" If true what ſuch as he pretend,
" Would theſe upon my ſteps attend ?
" Then ſince you know your friends from
" foes,
" I doubt not you'll the Goat oppoſe."

He knew he'd promis'd all before ;
But *twelve* is leſs than *twenty-four* :
So to the higheſt bidder bound,
His conſcience eaſily gave ground.

But giving now the Fox his vote,
He on the huſtings ſaw the Goat.
" Barber (ſays he) you have forgot ;
" You ſhav'd me, ſir ! pray did you not ?"
" O yes

" O yes (cries Pug) ſir, you ſay true,
" But I've ſhav'd Mr. Fox ſince you."
" The peaches, ſir—the peaches." " Oh!
" I've ate them long enough ago:
" Yes, Mr. Goat, they taſted well,
" Nor could the other's fruit excel;
" In taſte I mean—but loving any,
" I muſt give way to *twice* as many:
" So tho' I had your twelve before,
" As the Fox gave me twenty-four,
" 'Tis done—You know as well as I,
" They mean to *ſell*, who aim to buy—
" Then if I barter *liberty*,
" The *higheſt bidder* is for me.

Written on a Window, under a Vow againſt Matrimony.

THE lady who this reſolution took,
Wrote it on glaſs—to ſhew it might be broke.

REBUSSES.

I.

TAKE three parts of art, with a fiſh of ſtrong ſmell,
That is often ate dreſs'd, and as ſome think taſtes well;

Add

Add to these a large vessel which Bacchus might own,
And 'twill tell you the name of a town that's well known.

II.

TAKE two-fifths of a carnage that noblemen use,
And the whole of the name of a maiden recluse;
Then add a most empty, yet warlike machine,
And a thing *without meaning* you'll find they will mean.

ÆNIGMAS.

I.

I Stand on high, and am by crouds ador'd;
Belov'd by them, as misers love their hoard;
In ev'ry land my influence is known,
From Nova Zembla to the torrid zone;
The grave and gay alike—the bond and free,
Whate'er they say, will pay their court to me:
Yet I no value on their trouble set,
But oft my constant votaries forget.
Quick are my motions, yet so fickle I,
Some I *pursue*, but when *pursu'd*, I fly.

Some

Some call thoſe fools that on my ſmiles attend,
Yet they like others at my altar bend:
I rule All alike by ſea and by land,
Love conquers all men—Love do I command.

II.

FROM heav'n itſelf, ſome ſay I drew my birth,
And all allow my boundleſs ſway on earth;
I am the friend of the oppreſt and poor,
And drive deſpair off from affliction's door:
Aſk you my ſhape?—Go trace the fields of air,
Purſue the winds, and tell their courſes there:
Trace out the changing clouds in ſummer ſkies,
Which glow inceſſant, varying as they riſe.
Theſe are but types of *me*—all know me well,
And where expected leaſt, I moſt excel:
While life remains, the fearful and the brave,
I help alike, nor leave, but in the grave:
Give me my due, and you muſt own that I,
The want of fortune and of fame ſupply.

To Lord S———H.

AFTER each boaſt that fleets ſhou'd not combine
To equal, rival, or out-number thine;

Add to these a large vessel which Bacchus might own,
And 'twill tell you the name of a town that's well known.

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AFTER each boaſt that fleets ſhou'd not combine
To equal, rival, or out-number thine;

What canſt thou now to each occurrence
ſay?
Who on the ocean bears imperial ſway?
After the late unfortunate diſaſter,
If England's miſtreſs of the ſea—who's maſ-
ter?

In a garden, at Hoxton, a man-trap is daily hung up, ſo as to be conſpicuous to paſſengers, and on a board beneath it theſe words are painted;

BEHOLD my teeth—and when 'tis night,
Keep far away, or I ſhall bite.

THE SATISFACTION.

WHILE Pertinax abroad had been,
And chang'd for once the buſy ſcene,
His wife had fix'd a ſad retreat
Contiguous to Sir Richard's ſeat,
Who in mere pity to her caſe
Kindly ſupply'd the huſband's place.

The man return'd, the tale tranſpires,
Revenge the captain's boſom fires;
He takes his ſword, intent on blood,
And meets the knight behind a wood;
" Scoundrel (cries he) ſay, on thy life,
" Haſt thou preſum'd t'enjoy my wife?"

The

The knight unmov'd, with brow ſerene,
Replied with no degree of ſpleen,
" We are alone, 'twixt me and you,
" The matter you alledge is true."

But Pertinax amaz'd to find
That all his threats were empty wind,
Cries, " Oh, thou own'ſt it.—Very well;
" Or elſe, by all the d—l's in hell,
" If thou had'ſt not the fact confeſt,
" This truſty ſword had pierc'd thy breaſt!"

AN EPIGRAM.

TREASON is ne'er ſucceſsful—What's the reaſon
When 'tis ſucceſsful, none dare call it treaſon.
Patriots are never rich—the king's the ſame;
When they grow rich, they loſe the patriot flame.

ANECDOTE *of a* MISER.

AN avaricious perſon being on his death-bed, clapped a guinea into his mouth, ſaying at the ſame time, with a ſignificant wink; " Some are wiſer than others, I'll take this however for fear of accidents on the way."

The word NEWS originates from the initial letters of the points of the compaſs, viz. North, Eaſt, Weſt and South; to take them therefore acroſtick-wiſe as deſcriptive of the times, we may ſay

N orthern powers arm to fright us,
E aſtern kings prepare to fight us;
W eſtern ſubjects ſtill rebel,
S outhern realms our pow'r would quell.

At Hoddeſdon in Hertfordſhire, over a barber's door, is a board with this inſcription:

Shave for one penny,
Bleed for twice as many;
Cut hair for three more,
And dreſs it for four.

N. B. If I'm not at home, you'll find me at the black Bull; but if I'm not at the black Bull, I ſhall ſoon be at home.

EPIGRAMMATIC EPITAPHS.

On a PRIZE-FIGHTER.

HIS thruſts like light'ning flew, yet ſubtle death
Parry'd them all, and beat them out of *breath.*

On

On KILDARE.

WHO kill'd *Kildare*, who *dar'd* Kildare to kill?
Death kill'd *Kildare*, and dares kill whom he will.

On the late B—— THORNTON.

THORNTON had oft of mighty *death* made game,
By *death* indeed, do authors rise to fame;
But having play'd with *death*, with wit and art,
Death's repartee was but—*to throw his dart.*

On a WAGGONER.

HERE lies *Tom Whip*, who drove with a good will,
And only died—just when his team stood still.

EPITAPH *on a* LIAR.

THE man who liv'd ev'n to his latest breath,
And liv'd a lier, at length *lies* here in death.

On Mr. QUIN, *by* Mr. GARRICK.

THAT tongue which set the table in a roar,
And charm'd the public ear, is heard no more:

Clos'd are thoſe eyes, the harbingers of wit,
That ſpoke — before the tongue — what Shakeſpeare writ.
Cold is that hand which living, was ſtretch'd forth
At friendſhip's call, to ſuccour modeſt worth.
Here lies *James Quin.*—Deign reader to be taught,
Whate'er thy ſtrength of body, force of thought,
Tho' thou in nature's choiceſt mould were caſt,
"To this complexion" muſt thou come at laſt.

On a Free-Thinker.

HERE lies who doubted, on the whole,
Whether or not death kills the ſoul:
His ſcruples death reſolves at laſt,
But 'tis too late—the dye is caſt!

Epitaphs *in a Country* Church-Yard.

I.

TIME, was I ſtood where thou doſt now,
And view'd the dead as thou doſt *me*,
Ere long wilt thou be low as I,
While others thus look down on *thee*.

II.

II.

HERE lies John Thompſon—reader ſtay,
And, if thou canſt, pray weep—
He dos'd an idle life away,
And now he's faſt aſleep.

III.

THIS Life is but a cobweb I may ſay,
Death is the broom that ſweeps us all away.

On a GENTLEMAN *who died the day after his* WIFE.

SHE firſt departed, he for one day try'd
To live without her—lik'd it not, and died.

In the preſent ſcarcity of money the following lines may be of uſe;

How to get RICHES *with* PRUDENCE.

IN things of moment, on thyſelf depend,
Nor truſt too far thy ſervant, or thy friend;
Thro' private views, thy friend may promiſe fair,
And ſervants very ſeldom are ſincere:

Nor

Nor trivial loſs, nor trivial gain deſpiſe,
Mole-hills, if often heaped, to mountains riſe.
Weigh ev'ry ſmall expence, and nothing waſte;
Farthings long ſav'd amount to pounds at laſt.

A Picture of the TIMES *previous to the* DUTCH WAR.

THE French fineſſing—the Spaniards procraſtinating—the Ruſſians manœvering—the Danes arming—the Swedes undermining—the Germans negociating—the Portugueſe ballancing—the Americans flaming—and, in the back-ground of the picture, the Dutch laughing in their ſleeves; becauſe, as Archer ſays in the play, all the *corn, oil and wine, is engroſſed to their market.*

ELEGY *on the* DEATH *of the late* Sir JOHN FIELDING.

I.

THEN at laſt has Juſtice dropp'd the ſcale,
And the blind pow'r, endu'd with *mental* ſight;
Which could o'er fraud's deluſive miſts prevail,
Has chang'd *life*'s toilſome day for *death*'s long night!

II.

II.

So ſome tall oak, which tempeſts long has ſtood,
Is forc'd to yield to age and time's decays;
So to th' inceſſant beating of the flood,
Some high and dark-brow'd cliff at length gives way.

III.

Fielding is gone!—The letter'd ſtone will ſhew
His virtues, blazon'd by ſome friendly hand,
That owns his worth—While many a child of woe,
His memory to lateſt times will brand.

IV.

The *friend* will *flatter*—while the *ſuff'rers mourn*,
Some gather cypreſs to adorn the tomb,
While ſome in rage ev'n with the ſilent urn,
Profane with curſes the funeral gloom.

V.

For *him*, who reſts from mortal toils ſecure,
Who bore the ſcales of juſtice and her rod;
Much he *inflicted*, much he did endure,
While yet he travell'd in their low abode.

VI.

Born in an age when *diſſipation* reign'd,
Unuſual rigour was ſtrict juſtice, care;
He with *ſeverity* her ſway maintain'd,
And ſometimes ſtretch'd, perhaps, her ſway
too far.

VII.

Yet not ſo oft *himſelf*, as thoſe, who
fraught
With wiles, for *public uſes*, HE employ'd;
Who in his ſecret haunts the *felon* ſought,
Yet oft have ſimple, virtuous men, deſtroy'd.

VIII.

Then to the *dead*, the virtues of a man
Let all allow—His zeal in juſtice' ſchool,
He goes to prove, where on th' eternal plan
The great unerring JUSTICE ſtill muſt rule.

IX.

Nor *friend* nor *foe* inſcribes this homely
ſtrain;
But one unus'd to *flatt'ring*'s baneful lure,
Still more unus'd to *vice*'s hateful reign,
In heart-felt, ſweet *ſimplicity* ſecure.

X.

Whate'er the *praiſe* 'tis that to juſtice due,
Whate'er the *blame* from *pow'rs* exceſs it
ſprings,

Go!

Go!—of the hiſtoric pages take a view,
And own *his* fault was but the fault of *kings!*

Select ſentences applicable to the preſent M——y, collectively, or individually conſidered.

1. SLEEP is a ſtate in which a great part of every life is paſſed.—*Are not the m——y aſleep?*

2. To every act a ſubject is required—He that thinks, muſt think upon ſomething. *Do not ſome great perſons think upon miſchief?*

3. A word to the wiſe.—*Talk not to our M——y, for there are no Solomons among them.*

4. Nothing is to be expected from the workmen whoſe tools are for ever to be ſought.—*Our M——y to a T, for when they want twenty thouſand troops, they can only find ten; and when they want ſixty ſail of the line, they can only find thirty, unleſs upon paper.*

5. Almoſt every man hath ſome art by which he ſteals his thoughts away from his preſent ſtate.—*Our M——y unfortunately ſteal their thoughts away from the preſent ſtate of the nation.*

6. Honeſty is very ſeldom found where it is thought for—*N. B. Don't look for it at court.*

Two

Two gentlemen disputing concerning the cause of love, the one wished to conclude the argument by these words of Dryden,

"LOVE to no certain cause can be assigned,
"'Tis in no face, but in the lover's mind."

The other however persisting that *beauty* was the cause of love, his antagonist produced the following lines in favour of *sympathy*, which himself had written, on being accused of having an ugly mistress.

YOU say my love, my darling fair,
Is destitute of grace;
Freedom she wants in mien and air,
And beauty in the face.

This I allow, at least in part,
Yet she can raise desire;
Can twine with softness round the heart,
And set the soul on fire.

Is there a just criterion shown,
True beauty to define;
Or must we to a thing unknown,
Implicitly resign.

You'll plead perhaps a snowy skin,
Such as might grace a queen;
Where the blue veins appear within,
Just starting to be seen.

Vermillion lips, and glowing cheeks,
  That ſhame the bluſhing roſe;
An eye, where humid brightneſs ſpeaks,
  And radiant glory flows.

A forehead delicately high,
  Form'd to command reſpect;
A neck where thouſand cupids lye,
  With waving ringlets deck'd.

A ſhape moſt exquiſitely ſmall,
  A prominence of breaſt;
Where ſnowy hillocks riſe and fall,
  As ſuing to be preſs'd.

All theſe perhaps you'll beauty deem,
  All theſe I'd calmly ſee;
The bright poſſeſſor juſt eſteem,
  From adoration free.

A certain ſomething I muſt find,
  'Ere I can give my heart;
A ſomething to perfection join'd,
  Where *beauty* has no part.

This ſomething cannot be deſcrib'd,
  Nor eaſily conceiv'd;
By feeling it we muſt be brib'd,
  To let it be believ'd.

ADDITIONAL JESTS,

Selected from former WORKS of this KIND,

By the EDITOR.

A Gentleman talking of his travels, a lady in company ſaid, ſhe had been a great deal farther, and ſeen more countries than he, " Nay then, madam, replied the gentleman, as travellers we may lie together by *authority*."

A Frenchman who ſpoke very broken Engliſh, having ſome words with his wife, endeavored to call her *bitch*, but could not recollect the name; at laſt he thought he had done it, by ſaying, " Begar my deare, but you be one vile dog's wife." " Aye; that's true enough, anſwered the woman, the more's my misfortune."

Lady

Lady —— ſpoke to the butler, to be ſaving of an excellent run of ſmall beer, and aſked him how it might be beſt preſerved? "I know of no method ſo effectual, my lady, replies the butler, as placing a barrel of good ale by it."

Sir William D'Avenant the poet, who had no noſe, going along the Mews one day, a beggar-woman followed him, ſaying, "God preſerve your eye-ſight." "Why, good woman, ſays he, doſt thou pray ſo much for my eye-ſight?" "Ah! dear Sir, anſwered the woman, if it pleaſe God you grow dim-ſighted, you have no place to hang your ſpectacles on."

A poor but worthy clergyman, who poſſeſſed only a ſmall lectureſhip, from the income of which he had a large family to maintain, had been under the neceſſity, through ſome extenſive family ſickneſſes, &c. of contracting debts with ſeveral in the pariſh, and being unable to anſwer their demands, abſconded for ſome time, for fear of being troubled; and in ſhort, was ſo aſhamed of facing his creditors, that he even prevailed with a friend to officiate for him on Sundays. However, conſidering this method of life could not laſt long, he took courage, and reſolved to preach the following Sunday before his pariſhioners;

when he took his text from the New Testament, in these words; *Have patience, and I will pay you all.* He divided his discourse into two general heads; first, *Have patience*; secondly, *and I will pay you all*; he then expatiated very largely and elegantly on that most Christian virtue, *patience*; after which, "And now, says he, having done with my first head, viz. *have patience*; I come to my second and last general head, which is, *and I will pay you all*; but that I must defer to another opportunity." Which excellent conclusion so pleased his creditors, that they gave him his own time to pay his debts, assuring him that they would never trouble him.

A country fellow, who was just come to London, gaping about at every shop he came to, at last looked into a scriveners; where seeing only one man sitting at a desk, he could not imagine what commodity was sold there; but calling to the clerk, "Pray, Sir, said he, what do you sell here?" "Loggerheads," cried the other, "Do you?" answered the countryman; "egad, then, you've a special trade, for I see you have but one left."

David Gam, a Welch captain under king Henry V. at the battle of Agincourt, being sent

ſent out by the king to take a view of the French army, went to the top of a hill, and ſeeing all the country covered with tents, and blazing with fires, on his return made this report to the king, *That there were enough of them to be ſlain, enough to be taken priſoners, and enough to run away.*

A ſcholar of Dr. Buſby's coming into a parlour where the doctor had lain down a fine bunch of grapes for his own eating, takes it up, and ſays aloud, " I publiſh the banns between theſe grapes and my mouth; if any one knows any juſt cauſe or impediment why theſe two ſhould not be joined together, let them declare it." The doctor being but in the next room, overheard all that was ſaid; and coming into the ſchool, he ordered the boy who had eaten the grapes to be taken up, and horſed on another boy's back; but before he proceeded to the uſual diſcipline, he cried out aloud, as the delinquent had done, " I publiſh the banns between my rod and this boy's breech; if any one knows any juſt cauſe or impediment, why they ſhould not be joined together, let them declare it." " I forbid the banns," cried the boy. " Why ſo!" ſaid the doctor. " Becauſe the parties are not agreed," replied the boy. Which anſwer ſo pleaſed the doctor, who loved to find any readineſs

of

of wit in his ſcholars, that he let him go ſcot free.

A French gentleman having been but a very little while in England, he was invited to a friend's houſe, where a very large bowl of punch was made, a liquor he had never ſeen before, and which did not at all agree with him; but having forgot the name of it, aſking the perſon the next day, "What dey call a dat liquor in England, which is all a contradiction; where is de brandy to make it ſtrong, and de vater to make it ſmall, de ſugre to make it ſweet, and de lemon to make it ſour?" "You mean punch," ſaid the other. "Ay, punch, begar, cryed monſieur, it almoſt punched my brains out laſt night."

A young gentlewoman who had married a very wild ſpark, that had run through a plentiful fortune, and was reduced to ſome ſtreights, was innocently ſaying unto him one day, "My dear, I want ſome ſhifts ſadly." "O, my love, replied he, how can that be, when we make ſo many every day?"

A Quaker came before two juſtices of the peace as a witneſs, when he made frequent uſe of the words *alſo* and *likewiſe*: "Prithee man,

man, cried one of them, why do you vary these words so often, have not they both the same signification?" "No truly, said the Quaker, their meaning is very different: as for example, Sir John Fielding is a justice upon this bench, thou art one *also*, but not *like-wise*."

A taylor sent his bill to a lawyer for money; the lawyer bid the boy tell his master he was not running away, but very busy at that time. The boy comes again, and tells him he must needs have the money: "Did'st tell thy master, says the lawyer, that I was not running away." "Yes, Sir, answered the boy, but he bade me tell you *that he was*."

A grave old country blade coming before a judge, and taking an oath on a cause, he was bid to have a care what he swore, lest he went to the devil: "I fear not that, (replied he, by way of retort,) for I have given him my eldest son, and he ought to be content with one out of a family." "How's that? says the judge, pray explain yourself?" "Why, truly, I have made him a lawyer from the beginning." "A liar, you mean," says the other. "I know not, replied he, what distinction there may be made at London, but I'm sure by sad experience,

we in the country know no difference between a lawyer and a liar."

A juſtice of peace, ſeeing a perſon on a very ſtately horſe, riding between London and Hampſtead, ſaid to ſome gentlemen who were with him, "Do you ſee what a beautiful horſe that proud parſon has got? I'll banter him a little;—Doctor, ſaid he, you do not follow the example of your great maſter, who was humbly content to ride upon an aſs." "Why really, Sir, replied the parſon, the king has made ſo many aſſes juſtices, that an honeſt clergyman can hardly find one to ride on."

FINIS.